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THE NEWS EPITOMIZED.

Eastern and Middle States.

There is great excitement around New Canaan, Conn., over the discovery of gold in quantities on the farm of Seth C. Wood.

A number of prominent citizens of New York City met Mayor Gilroy in his office by request, and after a full discussion of the matter, it was decided that a grand banquet day at the Chicago Fair, October 21 was the day agreed on.

J. W. Washburn, of Boston, Mass., Treasurer of the Old Colony Railroad, has defaulted in the sum of \$90,000.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, the Standard Oil magnate, has bought land on the Hudson near Tarrytown, N. Y., aggregating about seven hundred acres. Mr. Rockefeller will lay out the grounds in a public park and will erect there a mansion costing a million dollars.

The Massachusetts Democratic Convention at Boston nominated John F. Russell for Governor and James B. Carroll for Lieutenant Governor.

GEORGE WALKER, aged forty-two, died at Rockland, N. Y., of typhoid fever. He weighed 260 pounds, was five feet eleven inches tall, and his waist measurement was seventy inches.

It was "Politician's Day" at the Trenton (N. J.) Fair; 50,000 persons were present. Claverty, a tight-rope performer, fell ninety feet from a high wire at the World's Fair.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR's yacht Nourmahal struck a reef in the Hudson River, New York, and was beached to prevent her sinking.

SAMUEL M. JAMES and Roland H. Conklin were appointed receivers of the Jersey City Mortgage Trust Company by Judge La-combe, in the United States Circuit Court, New York City. Its liabilities are \$5,000,000.

South and West.

A FIRE in the business part of St. Joseph, Mo., did damage estimated at \$100,000.

Twenty thousand Old Fellows celebrated their order's day at the World's Fair.

TREASURERS were two cases of yellow fever and one death from the disease at Brunswick, Ga.

Two twelve-year-old sons of Farmer Philip Bolt, of Oakland, Ill., were being chastised by their father when they were killed in a collision on the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railroad in Bellevue, Mich.

THREE persons were killed and seven wounded in a railway wreck at Gulfport, Miss.

Washington.

STATISTICS compiled from official data show that from January to September, this year, 200 States and private banks in the United States failed and that seventy-two have resumed business. In the same time 155 banks in Tennessee failed, seventy of which have resumed.

The President has nominated Charles N. Caughey, of Maryland, to be United States Consul at Messina, Italy.

The President has appointed John Washington for Alton, Ill., to spend the week along with other persons, as the guest of ex-Governor Black.

COSSETT-GENERAL EDWARDS, of Berlin, re-elected to the State Department that the German Minister of War has ordered the military authorities to use Indian corn mixed with straw in making up the ration of the army horses. This will lead to heavy importations of American corn.

The President has determined to discontinue his policy of releasing laborers in the United States Treasury, a decision a few days ago in abstracting a lot of bills amounting to \$400,000. They were cancelled notes and he is thought to be a traitor.

The President has nominated Robert E. Preston of the District of Columbia to be Director of the Mint.

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YES.

I seem
To dream
Of a golden gleam
That with my life is blended;
My past
At last
Is overcast
And fears for the future ended.
Yes is a little word,
When whispered smaller still,
Yet that is all that I heard,
And my foolish heart stood still,
Ceased its beating until
The word was fully spoken.
Then fluttered away with a will,
And a faith that shall not be broken.

My mind
Indolent
To hide behind
The shadow of "No" and "never,"
But now,
Somewhat,
I only know
The sunshine of "forever."
"No" was as easily said,
But "no" is a world of ill,
What if I were "no" instead?
And I in the shadow still!
But mine is the smile of hers,
And though the sun fade from us,
Still would my universe
Be bright with the bow of promise

For me
Shall be
The ecstasy
Of life that love enhances.

Her eyes
Compel
A paradise,
And only mine their glances;
And yet if I had my will,
I would that I had not heard,
I would be in the shadow still,
For I could recall the world,
For I would have over again
The exquisite happiness
That filled me and thrilled me when
I heard her whisper "yes."
—Alfred Ellison, in Chicago Record.

THE PARSON'S QUEST.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

HERE was a breezy crowd over in the Emma saloon one night less than a year ago, and every man was well heeled, carried his revolver handy, and wore his shirt open at the neck. As for the women—there was only one, and she rejoiced in the sobriquet of "Scarred Emma," and you only had to look at her hands to know why. They had been burned to the bone, and although she wore diamond rings to the first joint of every finger, they didn't disguise the horrid scars, seamed and livid, and of these Emma was prouder than of the rings. Well she might be. Had she not saved the lives of men and women bearing them in her arms from a burning building? And these scars were her medals of honor for her bravery.

THE PARSON'S QUEST.

Some of the gang were playing draw-poker, others engaged in a game of seven-up. Some drank and loafed, loafed and drank again, and chaffed with the landlady, who was about as amiable as a tiger.

On the night here alluded to, "Scarred Emma" was busy handing out the miners' poison in copious doses, and listening to such cheap compliments as were not too suggestive of revolvers and free fights, when the door opened, and the deputy sheriff entered the place.

Everybody rose up, and a shout of welcome greeted the new comer.

"Hallo, Bill, glad to see yer. Brung in any new uns?"

"Naw! Evenin', Em. About two fingers straight, seein' I jest got in. Been to Omaha for a pesky horse thief. Tried to get away, out here, and was again to let him have it, but there wuz a little weakened parson on the stage an' he interferred and prayed off so fluid like, we weakened, an' let the feller go with nary a bullet in his carcass. Here's to ye, Em., for the fairest of yer sex. Come on, boys, an' fill up at my expense."

He tossed off the dram and set the tumbler down to be refilled.

"Where's the parson?" asked the landlady, smiling on the deputy as he measured the fiery fluid with a liberal hand.

"He's stopped over to preach at Hell's Delight, but he'll be at the Gulch to-morrow, an' don't yer forget it, less he dies afore mornin' kind o' sudden from a dose of cold lead. An' I'd advise the boys to grease their boots, and be ready, for he's a buster, the parson is."

"Say, Bill," remarked Emma, stirring his whiskey by shaking it in the glass, "is he a young feller?"

"Aw, an' sickly. Yer can see daylight through him."

"An' takes sugar in his?"

"You bet!"

The crowd roared at Emma's wit, and this time she set it up for them herself.

"Say, Bill, is he really comin' here to preach?"

"Look here, Em. You're talkin' through your bonnet. Come here he may, but preach—ho! ho! I guess not."

"Who says 'no'?" asked the woman, and this time the tiger showed itself in her eyes.

"I do—we all do!" roared the crowd in a rude chorus.

"And I say he shall."

And she folded her scarred hands across her bosom so that all present could see them. That one motion had a strange effect upon those human coyotes, who would have knifed a man in the back and made no account of it. It is true that even desperadoes have their soft moments. This woman standing before them had one claim on their respect, and as their eyes followed that movement and fell on the scarred and cicatrized hands, the dumb appeal moved them as nothing else would have done. Off went every hat, bearded lips trembled, then, as there was danger of too much sentiment, there went up a cheer from twenty hoarse throats, and as Emma turned to set it up again for them, she dashed something from her eyes that might have been a tear.

So it happened that when the Rev. James Forsyth reached Dead Man's Gulch, he learned that the principal saloon was prepared to receive him, being turned for the time into a meeting-house. All through the little town and far into the surrounding country these placards were affixed to walls and trees:

GREAT DAY!
DIVINE SERVICES
IN
THE EMMA SALOON,
BY
REV. JAMES FORSYTH, D. D.
All are invited to attend Evening Service at 8 p. m.
Please leave your Guns with the USHERS.

When the stage reached the Gulch, the parson, who had come from Devil's Delight, was in it, but he stopped at the tavern until it was time to go to meeting. It meant nothing to him that he was taking his life in his hands to preach the Gospel to these men. What was his poor miserable gift of a dying life, compared with these lost souls? Besides—then he coughed, terribly, closed his eyes, and wiped the cold sweat of mortal illness from his face. Ah, precious human nature! Sophistries that keep it from the debasement of over-righteousness! It was of one precious sin-sick soul he was thinking, and that he hoped to reach, through this zeal for the brotherhood.

Poor scarred Emma! She had given her influence—and I have shown that it was great—she had given her saloon, which was also her throne, and now she was shut up in a miserable, tawdry room, partitioned off from the rest, dressed in her Sunday flannel, waiting until all the gang had assembled, when she would walk in boldly and take her seat with the rest. Well she knew that no woman would be there. No other woman would sit under the same roof with her, and then she looked down on her diamond-bedecked hands. "I can buy and sell them all. I am to man's slave and my word is law, but—"

And then a whole flood of tears came. But soon she dashed them away and dried her eyes. Another touch of rouge to repair the ravage, and she was ready "to go to church," as she phrased it to herself. A determined, aggressive figure, dressed in a smart, black satin, wearing a bow of pink ribbon at the throat. It seemed as if the incongruity of her attire struck her at the last moment, for on the threshold of her room she stopped, went back, and threw a lace shawl around her shoulders. Then she made her way to the front room, just as the noise of clattering boots and grating chairs was hushed, and the minister bowed his head in prayer.

A dozen men made room for her. Their faces brightened as she entered, but she did not look at one of them. Like one walking in sleep she moved, and never took her eyes from the thin meager form of the man who stood in the impromptu pulpit, pouring out his soul in prayer.

It was not until the petition was ended, and the oppressed listeners had relaxed with a sigh, that she set down among the men, where she could see without being seen.

The minister then chose a hymn and lined it out.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say—"

He was interrupted by Deputy Bill. "We can't sing that, pard—I mean parson. Give us something we know."

"They compromised on 'A Land That is Fairer Than Day.' The parson heard the sweet treble of a woman's voice, and wondered much whence it came. He looked troubled, and the cough that shook him with its paroxysm brought out bottles and glasses, but he put aside all offers with a shaking hand.

"Hearken to me, my friends," he began solemnly, "and know that you are listening to a dying man."

He had not time to announce the text, the words of life were hovering upon his lips, when there rang through the room a woman's frenzied cry:

"Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy!"

"Who spoke, who called me?" asked the parson with white lips, clinging to the table before him.

"Oh, Jimmy, you're too late—and

you're killing yourself, and it's for me, and I'm not worth it—I'm not worth it!"

She was making her way to him now, and as his eyes lit up his death-pale features he prayed:

"At last," he murmured, "at last, and now I'm willing to die! Lord, I thank Thee."

His head fell forward. A dozen stalwart men jumped to his side, but when he was laid on the nearest bench it was "Scarred Emma" who held his dying head on her arm, and it was into her face he looked when he opened his eyes for a brief coming back to life.

"Don't cry," he said tenderly, "don't cry, Molly—at least not for me—promise me—quick, I'm going soon—promise me to quit this place—now—forever."

"Oh, Jimmy, I can't. You've seen them all—tell me, Jimmy, are they—well—do they ever speak of me?"

"They are well, dear and safe over there! The dear old mother and the little sister. And I promised them I'd bring you and now I'm going without you!"

"Don't go, Jimmy. I'll do anything if you'll only live. I'll change my ways, and do just as you bid me, even to turning my back on friends that have been good to me. But oh, Jimmy, I'm not worth dying for—it's too late for that."

"Not to meet the dear mother and the little sister! I tell you it is not too late. Oh, I cannot die in peace if you do not promise. You have no right to lose your soul, child—it is not yours to do with as you please, but is bought with a price. Take those off—" looking with wide strange eyes at the gems on her hands.

She obeyed him. In a moment she had stripped every ring from her fingers and then he gathered the two poor scarred hands in his cold ones, and held them to his pale ones.

"Saved," he murmured, then he smiled as if in answer to something he saw, and a moment later he fell asleep, and the woman kneeling by his side reverently closed his eyes, sobbing, but not as one without hope.

Less than a year ago, and to-day the quiet, respectable woman who is postmistress in one of our small western towns has the good-will of every citizen. They can see nothing in common with her and the terrible woman of Dead Man's Gulch, except the scarred hands from which they receive their daily mail, and they know the honorable history of these scars.—Detroit Free Press.

Modern Hygiene.

Hardly a day passes that we do not receive some shock, that we are not asked to give up some favorite dish around which clusters a host of tender early memories, and after eating of which we have, for twenty years on end, felt ourselves grow fat and childlike and undespectable. But the modern hygiene says it must go, and if we retain it on our list we do it in an anxious and guilty mood sure of itself to beget internal trouble.

Seemingly simple things like dry toast, oatmeal and apples we have heard forbidden of late as hard to take care of, and bananas, or, for example, the delicious, but as we suppose deadly, fried bacon cried up as food for babes and sucklings. This is puzzling; it goes against our personal experience, it upsets all our dietary plans and pleasures, and it awakens the shrewd suspicion that mere fashion is at the bottom of the change.

One interested in the subject, having an axe to grind, could without much difficulty prove that every known edible has at some time or other been declared digestible and healthful; let the experimenter eat with his (or her) eyes shut, and he (or she) will be backed up in what is chosen by some respectable authority. This being so, the wisest plan is to select food according to the private palate without regard to Doctor A., B. or C. (since Doctor X., Y. and Z. will infallibly dispute them), and with the eye of faith fixed on that good day when all digestion will be carried on by artificial means, and the whole world may be in that lovely state attributed to George Meredith's gourmet who is pictured in after dinner ease as "happily twinkling stomachic contentment."—Hartford Courant.

Dangers of Cat-Kissing.

The ladies who with perversed affection kiss their cats and lap-dogs may be interested in learning the results of Signor Fiocca's examination of the saliva of these animals. That of the cat is especially rich in all sorts of minute bacilli, and contains a new form seldom absent, and so fatal that rabbits and guinea-pigs inoculated with it died in twenty-four hours. The dog's saliva contains an even greater number of bacteria, some of them of a particularly disagreeable character, plus occasional fukes and the eggs of intestinal worms. Nor is the horse free from these death-dealing organisms. For among the diverse "bacilli, streptococci, and spirilli," in its saliva were three forms of a noxious description.—London Chronicle.

COYSTER FARMING.

CULTIVATING THE BIVALVE IN LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Difficulties That Attend the Harvesting of a Crop in Twenty-five Feet of Water—The Oyster's Enemies.

UP to within a very few years all the oysters eaten were of natural growth, and it was in those days that Chesapeake Bay and tributary waters supplied and controlled the New York market. But when the demand for smaller oysters began to increase it was found necessary to cultivate them, and the result of this has been the establishment of sixty miles of "oyster farms" along the Long Island Sound shore, the investment of an enormous capital, the building up of an important industry and the transfer of the control of the New York market from Chesapeake Bay to Long Island Sound. Force of circumstances is bringing the Maryland oystermen into the business of cultivation, as the natural growth of oysters in Maryland waters are steadily thinning out, and even to-day an oyster would be an expensive luxury but for the timely beginning of oyster farming in Long Island Sound about five years ago.

There is everything in a name in the clam and oyster trade. All small clams are known as Little Necks. There are probably five million bushels eaten annually, but there are not more than five thousand bushels dug from Little Neck Bay, from which the name is derived. The same applies to Blue Point and Shrewsbury oysters.

Large capital is required to successfully engage in oyster farming and great risks are taken, although perhaps no greater than the truck farmer takes on land. The capital must be locked up for three years after the first planting before the "farmer" is rewarded by a harvest, but then, if all conditions are favorable, his dredges bring up a small fortune from an ordinary sized bed. The Long Island farmers are all getting the fever for submarine farming since they have had opportunity to see how much money is in the business.

Long, patient and expensive work is necessary to properly plant an oyster bed. After the survey is made and the buoys marking the boundary lines are placed in their proper positions, the bottom is thoroughly dredged and all refuse removed. It often takes three months to dredge a bed of 100 acres, and the average expense of the crew and dredge is \$30 a day. Then the bottom is lined with clean, broken shells or oyster shells. If shells are used the average is 300 bushels to the acre. They are purchased at Baltimore, and are brought by schooner loads at a cost of from six to ten cents a bushel. It is of the utmost importance that this carpet of shells be laid "in the nick of time." The usual spawning time for oysters is from July 20 to August 20. They may be early or late, according to the degree of summer heat. When spawning they expel a white, stringy fluid, which clings to the clean shells or stones and in time develops into oysters. When the spawning begins no time can be lost in spreading the shells or stones. An hour's delay may cause the loss of thousands of dollars, and such losses have been experienced in a number of cases this year, as the unexpected hot weather in July caused the oysters to spawn before the farmers were ready with the shells, which were on the way from Baltimore and were of no use or value when they arrived.

In about six weeks the oyster begins to take form and then looks like a tiny bug. The shell begins to grow, and, if guarded from their natural enemies, in two years the young oysters cover the bottom several inches thick. They are then transplanted to another bed in a more protected spot to mature, which requires two years more. The successful farmer uses three beds, one for planting and two for maturing, and thus when once under way he harvests a crop each year.

An idea of the profit in this method may be obtained from the experience of a farmer who has already amassed a large fortune in the business. Three years ago he planted 40,000 bushels on a fifty acre bed. This year he has transferred 70,000 bushels to a maturing bed, which will be double the present size when mature, making 140,000 bushels. He left at least 25,000 bushels on the old bed, which will also double, making nearly or quite 200,000 bushels to harvest next year, at an average price of \$1.10 per bushel. If there is a fifty acre farm above water that never yielded \$200,000 in four years it is not on record.

But it is not all clear sailing and simply waiting after the spawn catches until the oyster is mature. The oyster and the oyster farmer have four great enemies—storms sufficiently violent to shift the bottom, star fish, "drills," and thieves. Agassiz, first of course, both are in Economy, and the other three will do better than the superior strength accomplished under the sun.

Drills are the most dangerous enemy of the oyster farmer. They are small, worm-like creatures, and are found in great numbers in the oyster beds. They are very destructive, and are found in great numbers in the oyster beds. They are very destructive, and are found in great numbers in the oyster beds.

Star fish are also a great enemy of the oyster farmer. They are found in great numbers in the oyster beds, and are very destructive. They are found in great numbers in the oyster beds, and are very destructive.

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